

WILL BE CELEBRATED AT

Masonic Temple
BOSTON,

Wednesday September 20 A.L. 5869.
Members and Specially invited Guests admitted to the

ORATION
BY

Comr. William Sewall Gardner.

at four o'clock P.M.

RECEPTION,

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK P.M.

Committee of Arrangements,

Richard Briggs.

John M^c Clellan.

W^m W. Baker.

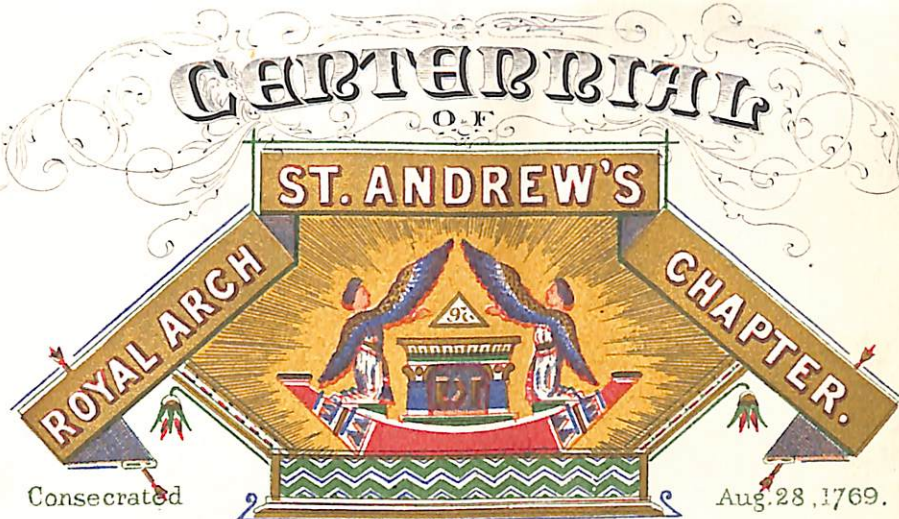
Cha^s W. Romney.

N. B. Shurtleff.

William Parkman.

A. F. Chapman.

W^m S. Hills.



Wednesday *SEPTEMBER 29 A.L. 5869.*

ADMIT- A COMPANION

TO THE ORATION AT FOUR O'CLOCK P.M.

AND A

Companion and Lady to the Reception at Eight o'clock P.M.

Forbes, Sec.

John M. Clellan

*This Ticket is for the exclusive use
of Members and invited Guests,
and is not transferable!*

Committee of Arrangements,

Richard Briggs.

John M. Clellan.

Wm W. Baker.

Cha. W. Rom.

A. B. Shurtleff.

William Parkman.

A. F. Chapman.

Wm S. Hills.

C E N T R A L

OF



INSTITUTED, A. L. 5769, A. I. N. V. 2299.

AT

MASONIC TEMPLE.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 29, 1869.

AT 4 O'CLOCK, P.M.



ORDER OF SERVICES.

1. OPENING.

2. RECEPTION OF GRAND OFFICERS AND GUESTS.

3. READING OF THE CHARTER, By Ex. Comp. Solon Thornton.

4. "JUBILATE DEO" Masonic Choir.

5. ADDRESS, By A. F. Chapman, M.E. High Priest.

6. PRAYER, By the Chaplain, Rev. Comp. John P. Robinson.

7. CENTENNIAL ODE,

WRITTEN FOR THE OCCASION BY COMP. WILLIAM T. ADAMS.

Hail, Mystic Art ! from ages gone,
In triumph to the present borne,
Thy years in centuries still roll on
While Time's vast wrecks the mighty mourn.
Hail, Mystic Art ! whose altar's blaze
Grand Masters saw in ancient days ;
Hail, Mystic Art ! whose altar's light
Still flames before our wondering sight.

The Temple, built by God's command ;
The kingly craftsmen, widow's son,
And all the vast masonic band
That reared its stately walls, are gone ;
Glory to God ! the Art still lives ;
Light to the faithful still it gives ;
Faith, Hope, and Charity proclaims ;
Honors and loves its hallowed names.

A hundred years are but a day,
O Mystic Art ! in thy long line ;
But, glorying in our years, we lay
Our Century on thy ancient shrine.
Take up the Wreath of Years we give,
O Mystic Art ! and let it live,
Garnered with ages past, to bloom,
Like the acacia, o'er our tomb.

Beneath the mighty Mystic Arch,
That joins the Present and the Past,
The ages still shall grandly march,
The Arch shall ages yet outlast.
Truth ever mighty must prevail,
Light to the faithful ne'er shall fail ;
Then, dare we, in this vale of tears,
Pledge thee another Hundred Years.

S. ORATION.

BY COMP. WILLIAM SEWALL GARDNER.
M.W. Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts.

9. HYMN OF THANKSGIVING.

(Written for the occasion.)

GREAT GOD, supreme Grand Master,
We bow before thy throne,
To bless thy bounteous goodness,
Thy holy name to own,
We thank thee that thy mercy
Hath spared the Faith we love,
And sent it o'er the ages,
With Light from Heaven above.

We thank thee for the wisdom
That reared the Temple's walls ;
The holy men that gathered
Within its sacred halls.
We thank thee that they builded
What ages could not shake, —
The Royal Arch of Friendship,
Which time shall never break.

We thank thee for the fathers
Whose names with honor glow,
Who raised this Arch in glory
One hundred years ago,
O God, may we be faithful
To our traditions old,
And all new light thou sendest
Within our souls enfold.

INTERMISSION TILL 8 O'CLOCK, P.M.

CENTENNIAL RECEPTION

BY



GRAND CONCERT

BY THE

MASONIC CHOIR,

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF COMP. HOWARD M. DOW,
Organist of St. Andrew's Chapter.

AT

MASONIC TEMPLE,

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1869.

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK, P. M.

MASONIC CHOIR.

COMPANIONS

EDWARD PRESCOTT,
DANIEL F. FITZ, C. C. WENTWORTH,
WILLIAM H. DANIELL,
JOHN B. RHODES, J. J. KIMBALL, HENRY A. COOK,
WILLIAM H. FESSENDEN,
H. C. BARNABEE, M. W. WHITNEY,
A. C. RYDER.

ASSISTED BY

MRS. H. M. SMITH, MISS ANNA S. WHITTEN, MISS ADDIE S. RYAN.

DIRECTOR,

COMP. HOWARD M. DOW.



PROGRAMME.

Part I.

"THE PRAISE OF FRIENDSHIP."

Cantata, composed by Mozart.

[NOTE.—This Cantata was written and composed in the year 1791, for the Masonic Lodge of which the illustrious composer was an honored and efficient member, and performed under his direction, at a festival of the Lodge, a short time previous to his death, which occurred November 5th, of the same year.]

I. CHORUS.

Come all hearts with rapture swelling ;
Friendship's holy feast prolong ;
Still from joy's full fountain welling
Roll the tide of dance and song ;
Joy in every bosom glowing,
Fill the cup to overflowing,
And around its circle twine
Amaranth and budding vine.

II. RECITATIVE.

COMP. D. F. FITZ.

Who'll teach me worthily to praise thee? to sing thy celestial power and mildness? O Friendship! who? Thou art the joy of heaven; without thee its flowers would quickly wither, and dry up the precious spring of its blissfulness! Thou art of earth the fairest blessing; it is only in thy light ethereal, thine, our life's guardian genius can freely breathe. Thou hallowest the ties of nature, twisting a chain everlastingly strong; nursing the germs of goodness and beauty in the breast of man. Thou teachest him what he is, and what he may become by harmony. Thy piercing, sun-bright glance illumines the darkest night of fate, and the murmur of sorrow shall melt into music, and the tears of affliction shall all be changed to tears of sweetest joy.

III. ARIA.

MRS. H. M. SMITH.

Oh, how blest is he who liveth
From all baser fetters free!
Who his soul to Friendship giveth,
True in woe or weal to thee!
Though a cottage be his dwelling,
Or he shine in marble state,
He's content beyond all telling;
He is glad, and rich, and great.

IV. RECITATIVE.

But, ah! the wand'rer sees the sun decline, and, ever narrower and narrower, windeth on to the certain end his path. See, all flies before him, and forsakes him, that by his side so lovingly walked. Ah! wilt thou, gentle companion, thou also fly away; wilt thou abandon him? No; thou art ever true; thou only liv'st like purest gold thro' every trial.

V. SOLO AND DUETT.

MISSSES WHITTEN AND RYAN.

Friendship leads the weary pilgrim
With a loving, gentle hand;
Full of cheer for life's last journey,
She beside his couch doth stand.

Friendship lends a light celestial
To the land beyond the tomb;
On the wings of Hope she bears him
Up where joys immortal bloom;

Leads the Brother to the Brothers
Here so early called away;
No more partings there shall trouble
The repose of endless day.

Oh! in thy celestial likeness
Shines the Godhead's might and mildness,
Full revealed, that all may see!

Oh, what can we prize above thee?
Who, O Friendship! will not love thee?
Opening all his heart to Thee.

VI. CHORUS — FINALE.

Come all hearts with rapture swelling,
Friendship's holy feast prolong;
Still from joy's full fountain welling
Roll the tide of dance and song;
Joy in every bosom glowing,
Fill the cup to overflowing,
And around its circle twine
Amaranth and budding vine.

VII. ARIA.

"Who treads the Path of Duty." MOZART.

COMP. H. C. BARNABEE.



Part II.

VIII. MALE CHORUS.

The Gay Pilgrim MANGOLD.

MASONIC CHQIR.

IX. SONG.

A Mariner's Home's the Sea RANDEGGER.

COMP. M. W. WHITNEY.

X. MALE CHORUS.

Waltz Song, "Come let's dance and sing," WENTWORTH.

MASONIC CHOIR.

XI. TRIO.

"On the Ocean" CONCONE.

MRS. SMITH, MISS WHITTEN, AND MISS RYAN.

XII. MALE CHORUS.

Forest Song MANGOLD.

MASONIC CHOIR.

XIII. ORIGINAL HYMN.

Written for the occasion by Comp. W. T. Adams.

[Companions are requested to join in singing.]

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO. — *Auld Lang Syne.*

SHALL we who sit beneath this Arch,
In joy's full festive flow,
Forget the men who reared it up
One hundred years ago?

CHORUS :

All honor to the craftsmen true,
Their fame no night shall know,
Who gave "St. Andrew's" to the craft
One hundred years ago !

Green be the memories in our hearts,
Green o'er their graves we strow,
Who marched beneath the living arch
One hundred years ago.

Chorus : All honor, etc.

We 'll ever have a kindly thought
For those, now lying low,
Who placed the keystone o'er this Arch,
One hundred years ago.

Chorus : All honor, etc.

Then glory to the craftsmen who
In rugged paths bowed low,
And safely passed the guarded veils
One hundred years ago.

Chorus : All honor, etc.

PROMÈNADE, BANQUET.